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A
Shower of Verses

By
Althea Randolph



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A Shower of Verses

Containing
Mother's Treasure Book
Fancies, Fairies, and Frolics
Twilight Poems

By

Rusch, Mrs Althea Randolph (*Bodle*)



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no,

TO MY LITTLE READERS

Through Memory's door I fancy

I see my Babes once more

Surrounded by their playthings

Upon the Nursery floor;

And then again at twilight

Within my fond embrace

I watch the smiles and dimples

Play o'er each pretty face.

Now one has grown to manhood,

My blue-eyed Baby Boy,

He was and is a solace,

A treasure and a joy!

The other little Darling

Left me one autumn day,

And oft when shadows deepen

I brush a tear away.

My heart was heavy laden,

How could I rise above

The longing and the wanting—

The only way was Love!

I'd love—I'd work for children

Who're in the world to-day,

Perhaps they'd like some verses

To while an hour away!

I'd think of them as gardeners,

The rhymes as growing flowers,

And rippling peals of laughter

As happy summer showers!

.

T'is thus, my little Darlings,

These rhymes were sown for you.

Within your Nursery-gardens

Will you plant my poems, too?



Mother's Treasure Book

DEAR MOTHER

Dear Mother,
If every thought of mine for you
Could turn into
A violet blue,
Then on a flowery path you'd stray,
For violet-thoughts
Would pave your way,
Dear Mother!

A YEAR OF BABIES

January Babies grow
As pretty, pure and white as snow!

February Babies, next,
Have "Kindness" for their daily text!

Babies born in bleak March gale,
Are healthy, happy, strong and hale!

April Babies sometimes cry,
To help the flowers grow by and by!

Babies born in May are sweet,
As blossoms pink, from head to feet!

Babies born in June prove true,
And make the world a bower for you!

July Babies romp and run,
And revel in the noon-day sun!

August Babies sleep away
The sultry hours of summer's day!

September Babies watch the sky,
And sing a twilight lullaby!

October Babies weave gay wreaths
Of smiles and autumn's golden leaves!

November Babies dance and play,
And chase away the clouds of gray!

December Babies loving are
With eyes that sparkle like a star!

BIRTH

The birds sing sweeter,
Since our Baby's birth;
The buds bloom brighter,
Fairer is the Earth!

NAME

To-day our Baby has a name,
Though God has ever known
Our Darling as a pure sweet flower,
In His great garden grown!

WEIGHT

If we should weigh our Baby,
The weight could ne'er be told;
For the substance of our Baby
Is in Love—and not in gold!

GIFTS

Gifts! oh, what are they?
But objects thought of by a friend—
As love expressed—to send!
With sunny smiles,
And winning wiles,
And arms about your neck entwined,—
Thus to repay the debt, I find,
Is Baby's way!

FIRST OUTING

Out in the golden sunshine,
 Baby goes;
Just to give and get God's love
 As it flows;
For each Baby is a ray,
Adding glad-beams to the day,—
 Baby knows!

FIRST LAUGH

I thought the silvery rippling notes
 Were sung by trilling bird;
But now I know the merry tones
 Were Baby's laugh I heard!

SHORT CLOTHES

Have Fairies fastened airy wings
 Upon our Baby's feet,
 That they flutter in delight?
 Ne'er can trailing robes of white
Imprison them, for now, at last,
 They've won their freedom sweet!

FIRST TOOTH

Such a precious little thing
 That has come to light!
'Tis a gem we treasure dear,—
 A Tooth of pearly white!

CREEPING

Creeping, creeping, in delight,
Happy as a bird in flight;
May our Baby ever glide
As smoothly o'er Life's flowing tide!

FIRST SHOES

Ah, cunning pair of little shoes,
To cover up ten pretty toes!
Guard well the treasures in your care,
And smooth the road where Baby goes!

FIRST STEP

Oh, just a step upon the way
Which leads to Grown-up Land,
And soon our Baby will not need
The help of human hand!

Where'er are left within the path
The prints of dainty feet,
There seeds are sown to blossom forth
As Memory-flowers sweet!

FIRST CHRISTMAS

The Christ was born to show the way
That all may *live* a prayer each day!

FIRST BIRTHDAY

Age ne'er can rightly measured be,
Nor thought of, even,
Unless we count the days and years,
As true love given!

PRAYER

'Tis but a little prayer I say
Before I go to sleep:
"I know that God is Good and Love,
And safely doth He keep
His little ones all through the night,
And guide them in the day:
Thus do I rest in His dear care,
And trust in Him alway!"

PHOTOGRAPH

'Tis here we see a little face,
Our Baby's face so wondrous fair—
But oh, the picture in our hearts,
Is fairer still beyond compare!

BRIGHT SAYINGS

Would that within my memory clear,
I could retain the sayings bright,
Of Baby dear;
But lest I should forget, I'll write
And keep the shadows of them here!

Fancies, Fairies, and Frolics



AWAKE!

Awake! 'Tis time for you to rise!
Awake! And open both your eyes!
The day is here, the sky is blue,
And all the World is calling you!

THE DAWN

I'm up and dressed while yet the World
Is fast asleep in bed;
Ofttimes I wear a skirt of blue,
And ofttimes ruby red;
About my waist I tie a sash
Of golden streamers gay,
And o'er my shoulders throw a scarf
Of fleecy clouds of gray;
Upon my head I place a crown
Of opal rays of light,
And as the Moon and Stars behold,
They quickly take their flight!
I carry in my hands joy-beams,
To scatter on my way;
And when I waken birds and flowers,
They echo back, "'Tis day!"
Behind me comes the amber Sun,—
Each morn he gives me chase,
But *never* has he caught me yet
In swift Aurora's race!

THE SUN'S VOYAGE

The Sun sails in his golden boat,
Across the sea of blue,
The fleecy clouds of white are waves
Which he goes sailing through!

There at the helm he steers along
Until the day grows dark,
And then upon the mountain top
He anchors safe his bark!

When morning comes he starts again
To travel on his way;—
I wonder why he always takes
The same road every day!

THE POSTMAN

I watch out for the Postman,
As he goes by each day;
In clear or rainy weather
He never stays away!

He writes so many letters,
He must quite busy be;—
Perhaps if I smile sweetly
He'll write a note to me!

A SECRET!

I love to play with dollies,
I have one for a toy,
I keep it very secret,—
Because I am a boy!

PICTURE-BOOK TRAVELS

Oh, story-book pictures are wonderful things,
They keep you quite busy all day;
For first you can go on the ocean of blue
In a boat, and sail far, far away!
Then next you can travel so fast in a train
You soon reach a strange foreign land;
And again you can dig with your shovel and
pail
Beside the sea-waves on the sand!
Now over a page you will find a balloon,
Which takes you way up toward the sky;
The trees, and the birds, the white clouds,
and the Moon,
How quickly you pass them all by!
You stroll in the Park and you visit the Zoo,
And see the queer animals there;
Or back in the orchard with picture-book
friends,
You swing to and fro through the air!
You frolic and romp in the sunshine and snow;
You play all day long in the rain;
And when you have come to the end of the
book,—
You start it all over again!

BABY'S LIKENESS!

Mother says she looks like Father!
Father says she's just like me!
Grandma thinks her quite like Mother;
But with them I don't agree!
For I think she's like my Brother!
Brother says 'tis Uncle Joe

Whom our Baby so resembles,
But Aunt Till declares, "Oh, no!"
'Cause my Uncle's eyes are hazel,
While our Baby's eyes are blue;
Uncle has no pretty dimples,
Like our little Baby's two!
Father's Sister says the Darling
Is the image of herself!
And Nurse Mary says, "My Baby
Looks just like a Fairy Elf!"
Now Miss Jones, my music-teacher,
Thinks she's like my Cousin Wynn,
While our next-door neighbor fancies
She's more like the other twin!
So I've come to this conclusion,
That there's not a single one
Whom our Baby truly looks like,—
No one's daughter,—no one's son!—
All the members of our family
Have brown hair,—both small and big;
Grandma says our Babe inherits
Red hair from Great Grandpa's wig!

THE TEASING RAIN-DROPS

Jumping down from clouds of gray,
Is the way the Rain-drops play;
Chasing birds from out the sky,
Making trees and flowers cry.

Do you think they're having fun,
When they make the people run?
For they wet us through and through,
That's what teasing Rain-drops do!

PIN-WHEELS

Pretty Pin-wheels, gold and blue,
Red and green and violet hue;
Whirling, twirling, round you go,
When the summer breezes blow!

Whirling, twirling, through the air,
Looking like the flowers fair;
In what garden Pin-wheels grow,—
I should really like to know!

THE DAYTIME NAP!

Come close your eyes, my Baby,
And sleep an hour or two!
Your Mother's love is faithful
And watches over you!
Within your arms hold Dolly,
And say there's naught to fear; . . .
For Mother loves her Baby,
And you love Dolly, dear!

FASHION

My Uncle says that years ago
When he was small like me,
He wore a skirt and apron, too,
And garters at his knee.

But since he's grown to be a man,
And is so big and tall,
He thinks that petticoats would be
Becoming—*not at all!*

FIRST CLIMB

Up one step—yes, 'tis high!
But you'll make it if you try!

Now again, take one more—
Do just what you did before!

Up the third—of course you can,
For you are a little man!

Four and five—take them slow
Do not try to hurry so!

Six comes next, seven, too,—
Mother'll stay quite close to you.

Now then eight—don't you see
What a brave boy you can be?

Nine and ten—up so fast!
There, you've reached the top at last!

THE CHOO-CHOO CAR

I play that I'm a Choo-choo Car,
The Engine is my Brother,
Upon the garden lawn we run,
And follow one another!

Each place we stop at has a name,
The Station is a tree!
The only passenger we have
Is Nursie, don't you see?

But she will never run with us,
And so we have to play
That she comes down to catch the train,
But misses it each day!

MY HOBBY-HORSE

My Papa is my Hobby-horse,
And on his foot I ride;
He trots and gallops up and down,
While I sit on astride.

"Gee up!" I say, to make him start,
Or when he goes too slow;
And every time I want to stop,
I loudly call out, "W-h-o-a!"

He is the nicest Hobby-horse
That I have ever had;
I wish you had one just like him,—
But you can't have my Dad!

OH, NANCY!

Oh, Nancy, Nancy,
Do you fancy,
The World was made alone for you?—
Be not unruly,
Others truly
Have their own places in it, too!

SEA-SHELLS

There are echoes in the sea-shells,
Echoes which I hear
When I hold the pretty sea-shells
Close beside my ear!

There are echoes which are dreary,
And echoes which are gay;—
And I often, often wonder
What sea-shell echoes say!

THE TRUANT CLOUD

Once a naughty little Cloud
To his Mother said aloud,
"Out across the ocean blue,
I shall go—so now, adieu!"

"Stay by me, 'tis safer, child,
Far away are breezes wild!"
But he hastened on his way
And her words did not obey.

On and on he sped along
While he sang his merry song,
"Oh, ho, ho, 'tis fun to do
Just the things one wishes to!"

But alas, up came a squall!
And it chased this Truant small.
"Save me!" cried the Cloud in vain,
And disappeared in drops of rain.

Heed the lesson this doth tell,
Little children, learn it well,—
Listen to your Mothers, dears,
For 'twill save you many tears.

DO AND DON'T!

Oh, Mary dear, don't talk so loud!
Do learn to modulate your voice;
Don't grab the best of everything,
Wait first, till others make their choice;
Add "Thank you" when you say a Yes,
And "Thank you" when you answer No!
Be ladylike and dignified,
And gentle, too, where'er you go!

Don't pull your hat down on your nose,
Nor chew your gloves while you are out!
Don't lose the ribbons from your braids,
And let your hair fly all about!
Stand straight upon your feet, my dear,
And turn your toes out when you walk;
Be thoughtful for your little friends,
And let them have a chance to talk!
Don't tear the buttons off your shoes,
And never, *never* slam a door!
Another thing, dear child, *don't do*—
Drop handkerchiefs upon the floor!
Don't twist your curls, nor knot your sash;
And never bite your nails, oh, no!
Don't blot your books,—Do dot your *i's*,
Don't run your words together so!
Your teachers mind,—heed what they say,
Recite your lessons well in school;
When playing with the boys and girls,
Obey always the Golden Rule!
Don't chatter, chatter all the time,
'Tis well to be a listener, too;
Don't fool away each hour of day,
For there is often work to do!
Be prompt, be neat, be kind and good;
And don't forget your prayers at night;—
Do all these *Do's*—*Don't* do the *Don'ts*,
And you, my child, will grow up right!

THE IMPATIENT FARMER

I am a country farmer,
Just like my Uncle Bill,
Who lives down by the river,
Which flows beneath the hill.

I get up every morning,
To water all my seeds,
And then I rake my garden,
And pick out all the weeds.

But I am so impatient
To see how my seeds grow,
I take a little peep each day,
Down in the ground below.

In summer Uncle's garden
Has vegetables so fine;
There must be something wrong, I think,
That seeds don't grow in mine!

GRATEFUL BE

Do you ever stop in play,
Just a little prayer to say:
"Let me grateful be alway,
Learn to love and to obey"?

.

Try this simple little way;
It will brighten all the day!

MY COMRADE!

I have a little Comrade
Who's cute as she can be;
Her hair is long and silky,
Her eyes green as the sea.

She is the greatest comfort,
And plays so nicely, too,
'Tis funny when she ventures
To mimic things I do!

Together we jump fences,—
Sometimes we climb a tree!
When marching like a soldier,
My Comrade follows me!

On stormy days I show her
The pictures in my books,
I know she likes the stories
From just the way she looks!

There's but one disadvantage,
She won't sit on my lap!—
She much prefers the fireside,
Where she can take a nap!

She sleeps too much to suit me,
Her bed is but a mat;—
I'm sure you've guessed by this time,
My Comrade is a *Cat*!

FLOWER-FRIENDS

Gloria with her Flower-friends,
In the garden plays;
Happy little comrades, they,
Through the summer days!

Pansies, Roses, Mignonette,
Lilies, white and tall,
Violets and Heliotrope,—
Gloria loves them all!

In their flower-language sweet
Secrets do they tell,—
And Gloria seems to understand
What they say, quite well!

A MORNING CALL

Open your eyes, my Darling,
The sky is bright and blue,
And all the baby-blossoms
Are budding forth for you!
The birds within the tree-tops
Are calling you to play;
So open your eyes, my Darling,
To the golden hours of day!

MISS UMBRELLA

My name is Umbrella,
I'm dressed all in red,
And when it is raining,
I'm carried o'erhead!

But when the Sun's shining,
I'm left on the shelf;
Oh, dear! it is lonely
To be by myself!

So please do have pity,
And take me with you
Sometimes when it's pleasant,
And the sky is clear blue!

YOU NEVER CAN TELL!

I go to school and try to read,
But it is very hard!
I'd so much rather stay at home,
And play here in the yard.

But Mother says that I must learn,
And try to be content;
For maybe some day when I'm grown
I'll be the *President*!

IN THE FAR-AWAY

You say Nurse, in the Far-Away,
Upon the Treasure Sea,
That there's a Ship all laden down
With pretty things for me;

Bright blocks of gold, and silver drums,
And kites with crystal wings,
Big tops all set with emeralds green,
And hoops like diamond rings!

And Nurse, you say if I am good,
That more and more there'll be
Of wondrous things within that Ship,
Out on the Treasure Sea.

Then Nurse, dear, when I'm grown a man,
The first thing I shall do,
Will be to find that distant Craft,
And bring some toys to you.

JOY-LAND

Mother says there is a way
To be happy all the day:
"Do kind deeds for some one near,—
'Tis thus you find bright Joy-land here!

"If the Clouds of Anger rise,
And the hasty Showers of Cries,
Put your temper on the shelf,
And chase away your naughty self!"

Mother is so kind and good,
How I wish I understood
All the many ways she knows
Of finding Joy-land where she goes!

THE TWINS!

My name is Tim,
My brother's, Jim,
We're Twins!
Jim's hair is light,
He's very bright,
We're Twins!

His eyes are blue,
And mine are too,
We're Twins!
He knows a lot,
For such a tot,
We're Twins!

He goes to school,
Obeys each rule,
We're Twins!
"How strange!" folks say,
"*Unlike* are they,
The Twins!"

CORDELIA AT THE PIANO!

A, B, and C, D, E, F, G!
These letters I *must* say
Each time I strike piano-keys
And try to learn to play.

Oh, X, Y, Z! I cannot see
Why 'tis not better yet
To make the scale run right straight down
The entire Alphabet!

BOBBY!

On Monday and on Tuesday,
On Wednesday, Thursday, too,
On Friday and the next day,
My rompers are dark blue!

But Sunday when the Sun shines
And it is fine and bright;
I'm fixed all up in dresses,
Just like a girl in white!

They say it is becoming,—
To comfort, I suppose,
While I am sitting quiet
To not spoil skirt and bows!

I'd rather give up looking
As pretty as I can
Until I am much older
And grown a great big man!

Of this thing I am certain,
I'd rather have my play
Than be the best dressed young one
In all the world to-day!

AMONG THE APPLES

I went into the orchard,
And climbed up in a tree,
And there I sat among the boughs,
As happy as could be.

I picked the rosy apples
Which all about me grew;
I'm sure the apples thought that I
Grew on the branches, too!

THE UNWELCOME GUESTS

"Pitter patter, pitter patter,"
Sing the drops of rain,
"Don't you hear us knocking, knocking,
On your window-pane?"
"Pitter patter, pitter patter,
Let us in, we pray,
We should like to play with you,
All this stormy day.
"Pitter patter, pitter patter,"
Cry the drops of rain,
"Because you've shut the door on us,
We'll go home again!"

THE BATH

I play the bath-tub is a boat,
And I a sailor boy,
I lift the anchor, blow a horn,
And then I shout "Ahoy!"
I sail away across the bay,
Until I near the land,
I steer my boat upon the shore,
And leave it on the sand,
While Nursie comes and washes me,
Until I'm nice and clean;
And then I turn the water on,—
That's how I get up steam!
I start to sail away again
And turn my boat about,
But just when I am having fun,
My Nursie takes me out!

A HAPPY CHORUS

Baby-blossoms in green bowers,
Sing their joyous song;
Babbling brooks chant merrily
As they flow along;
Busy Baby-Bumble-Bees
Hum upon their way;
Whispering Baby-Breezes blow
Their melodious lay;
Baby-Birds in all the trees
Chirp the whole day through;
So little Baby-Boys and Girls,
Join in the chorus, too!

WHERE IS MY PRETTY THIMBLE-O?

Where is my pretty Thimble-O?
I'm sure it must be here;
I think 'tis very strange, don't you,
How things do disappear?

I had it on awhile ago,
To sew my Dolly's lace;
And just because it wants to tease,
It's hid itself some place.

Tom, Ned, and I have looked about,
And searched the Nursery o'er,
We've hunted on the mantelpiece,
The table, and the floor.

But still that Thimble hides away!
So won't you help us look?
Perhaps you'll find my Thimble-O,
Within this little book!

NATURE'S HOUSE-MAID

I am a busy House-maid,
For the World I have to tend;
The trees and Flowers I care for,
All their clothes and socks I mend.

I clean and sweep Earth's garden,
And I brush away the weeds,
I dust the dewy petals,
And I wash the growing seeds.

I put in tidy order
All Earth's ornaments for you;
So help me, little children,
Keep yourselves in order, too!

PRETTY BUTTERFLY

Flitter, Flutter, go your wings,
Pretty Butterfly;
You will never play with me;
Won't you tell me why?

If I had a pair of wings
On my back like you,
Do you think you'd love me more?
Tell me, is this true?

MARY-BELLE

I have a little Dolly,
Her name is Mary-Belle
And just what place she came from
I really cannot tell!

One day I woke and found her
Beside me on a chair,
And often I have wondered
However she came there!

Her eyes are made of china,
Her hair of golden flax,
And she is stuffed with saw-dust
All covered up with wax!

Her lips are pink like roses,
She has a turned-up nose,
She never stops a-smiling,
Or turning out her toes!

Her clothes are sewed right on her,
Her shoes glued to her feet;
And in her chin's a dimple
Which makes her look so sweet!

Now don't you think my Dolly
Sounds cute as she can be?
I'm sure you'd learn to love her,
If Mary-Belle you'd see!

I WISH TO KNOW!

Morn, Noon, and Night,—three times each day
I have to leave my friends and play
To march with Nurse up-stairs to scrub
With soap and water,—rub, rub, rub!

I think, don't you, 'tis really mean,—
I wish I'd stay forever clean!—
I wonder if in other lands
The boys must wash their face and hands!

MY BALLOON

A fine balloon they gave to me,
It was a lovely thing,
So big and red and round, you see,
And tied upon a string.

"Of course," I thought, "if I let go,
'Twill bounce upon the ground,
As other balls all do, you know."
But this is what I found!

That red balloons are funny things,
They go the other way,
Bounce up, as if they all had wings,
And fly so far away!

PHANTOM PLAYMATES

I play all day with children
Who do just as I wish;
We kneel beside the brooklet
To watch the shiny fish!

We pluck the daisy-flowers,
And scare away the bees;
Then fly into the orchard
To climb the cherry-trees.

We scamper through the garden,
And tease in hiding-games;—
I call them "Phantom Playmates,"
Because they have no names.

They're never cross nor naughty,
Oh, no! For don't you see
They're only make-believe children,
And all made up by me!

WAITING

My pretty parasol of blue,
To keep away the burning Sun,
They said was made to cover two,
And so I sit the whole day through
A-waiting for that other one!

A GIPSY

I'd love to be a Gipsy,
And like the Gipsies, roam,
The sky would be the ceiling,
The ground would be my Home!

I'd tramp all day through forests,
And sleep beside the sea;
With all the World to live in,
I'd feel so gay and free!

MY RAG-DOLLY

Oh, Dolly, my dear,
With eyes of bright blue,
You are a sweet child,
And Mother loves you!

'Tis sad you are made
Of rags,—nothing more,
But never mind, Dolly,
My child I adore!

So Dolly, my dear,
With eyes of bright blue,
I'll rock you to sleep
As real Mothers do!

FUNNY LITTLE ESKIMO

Funny little Eskimo,
Dwelling in the land of snow,
Wearing fur the whole year through,
I am sure I'd like it too,
To dress exactly as you do.

Have you frosty crystal trees,
With icicles for glistening leaves,
And gardens where the snow-balls grow?
Tell me is this really so,
Cunning little Eskimo?

PLAYING GRANDPA!

When I pretend I'm Grandpa old,
Like him, I play, I'm stern and bold!
I don his hat and suit of clothes,
And wear his glasses on my nose!

His cane I take when I go out,
And swing it as I walk about;—
Oh, rapture! How I'd love to be
A Grandpa old,—instead of me!

MERMAIDS

The Mermaids live down in the sea,
At least that's what my book tells me,
The book that Auntie gave!

And yet I'm sure I've *never* seen
A lady dressed in tail of green
A-sitting on a wave!

EARLY MORNING

I always open both my eyes,
Just as the Sun begins to rise;
When he gets up to shine on me,
I like to keep him company.

My Mamma cries: "Do go to sleep!"
And Papa makes me quiet keep;
So then I take my little toys,
And never make a bit of noise.

I try to read and look at things,
Until I wish that I had wings,
So I could fly right out of bed,
And soar like birds, far overhead!

MAYBE!

If I might have a wish come true,
I'd wish to find a spot
Where I could hide my things away,
My marbles and my top!

Perhaps I'd choose a place within
A forest dense and wild;—
I'm sure I'd not be bothered there
With any other child!

I'm really very, very tired
Of sharing gifts and toys
With family friends and relatives,
Big girls and other boys.

My Daddy says to feel this way
Is selfish and unkind;—
So after all when I'm grown-up,
Maybe I'll change my mind!

THE LURE OF THE OCEAN

I listened to the Ocean's roar,
As it beat upon the shore:
"Ha, ha, ha!" it seemed to say,
"I shall catch you with my spray!"

Off came shoes, and off came hose,—
Waded in to wet my toes:
"Oh, oh, oh! there, don't you see
Ocean dear, you can't scare me!"

Then beneath its gentle swells,
Near me came such pretty shells:
"Ah, ah, ah! don't pass us by!"
Cried the sea-shells with a sigh.

Ventured farther, shells to save,
When alas! in rolled a wave!
"Ho, ho, ho! now down you go!"
The Ocean roared. "I told you so!"

MY SLED!

I own a bright new sled,
A gift from Uncle Ned,
It's painted blue and red.
My little brother Fred,
Begged me to loan my sled.
"Indeed, I won't!" I said,
"I'll use myself, my sled
To coast with Neil and Ted";—
The sliding-march I led,
I tumbled on my head,
And had to go to bed;
Alas! I wish instead
I'd loaned my sled to Fred!

MY JOLLY LITTLE JAPANESE!

My Mother gave a doll to me,
A jolly little Japanese!
With tiny feet and smile so bright,—
It made me laugh in sheer delight!

I took her out to call one day,
All dressed in her kimono gay;
Oh! I was proud as proud could be
Of my bewitching Japanese!

But ah! 'tis really sad to tell
About the queer thing that befell
My jolly little Japanese,
Who came from far across the sea!

A Doggie liked her straight black hair,
Her china eyes, and cheeks so fair!
And now it makes me cry to see
My jolly little Japanese!

THE HORIZON

Swinging, swinging, to and fro,
Laughing, chatting, as we go;
Up so high, and then so low,
Little Mary, Bess, and Joe.

Over fences, over trees,
Swinging in the summer breeze;
We can see so far away
Where the sky rests on the bay.

And we think the sky would get
From the water very wet
Where they come together so;
But our Mamma says, "Oh, no!"

MOTOR-MAN MAX!

Sometimes I am a Motor-man,
And run a trolley-car;
I ring the bell, and turn the wheel,
And travel fast and far!

My passenger is Mother, dear,
Who beckons me to stop;—
I use the break!—Then she gets on
To go down town to shop!

When she's inside she takes a seat
Upon a bedroom chair;
And just before I start again
I ask her for her fare.

We ride awhile—and then she gives
Upon the floor a rap!
But I pretend I do not hear,
So she must pull the strap!

That rings the bell, and then I stop
To help her from the side;
But in a minute she is back,
And wants another ride!

DONALD'S ECHO

I heard the voice distinctly,
It rang out loud and clear,
It seemed within the forest,
From some one who was near!

It was not Nurse who called me,
But surely some one did!
And so I started hunting
To see where he was hid!

I searched beneath the bushes,
And brushed away the leaves,
I ran down by the brooklet,
And all around the trees!

"Hello!" I cried out loudly,
"Hello!" came back to me;
I plainly heard him speaking,
Yet no one could I see!

And when I couldn't find him,
The boy with voice so sweet,
I grew, at last, impatient,
And stamped and stamped my feet!

"You naughty boy!" I yelled out,
"You naughty boy!" said he;
And then I ran to Nursie,
As angry as could be!

"Say something kind, my darling,
And he will say the same;
Now call him little Donald,
Perhaps that is his name!"

"How do you do, dear Donald!"
The same words came to me;
"Please won't you let me love you?"
"Love you!" answered he!

"Oh, Nursie, did you hear him?
It really must be true!
That what you do to others,
The same is done to you!"

THOUGHT-PICTURES

When on the sandy shore I play,
Safe in my little rocky nook,
I watch the pretty ships sail by,
Like pictures in a story-book.

And then at night when in the dark,
My eyes are shut and I'm in bed,
Again such pretty ships I see,
I guess I've eyes inside my head!

LITTLE MISS WEATHER

Ah, little Miss Weather,
To-day you are clad
In robes of bright sunshine,
And I am so glad!

But sometimes you're sorry
And dress in dark gray,
And shed down great tear-drops
All through the long day!

Then sometimes you're angry
And blow things around;
And oft your snow-garments
You trail on the ground!

Oh, sometimes you're naughty
And frowning, but then
You change in an instant
And smile once again!

THE SUN'S GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING!

The Sun says good-night to you,
Good-night to you,
Good-night to you,
The Sun says good-night to you,
At the close of day!

The Sun throws a kiss to you,
A kiss to you,
A kiss to you,
The Sun throws a kiss to you,
As he goes away!

The Sun stays away all night,
Away all night,
Away all night,
The Sun stays away all night,
And sleeps the whole night through!

The Sun awakes when it is light,
When it is light,
When it is light,
The Sun awakes when it is light,
And says good-day to you!

MY SUN-BONNET!

I have a little pink Sun-bonnet,
Without a flower or ribbon on it,
Yet it is stylish as can be,
My Mother says, when it's on me.

She calls me then her pretty posy,
Her dainty flower, her budding rosy;
But this is just a teasing-game,
For Mary Jane is my real name!

THE SAILOR

I love the deep blue ocean,
I love the silvery sea,
So when I'm grown to be a man,
A sailor I shall be.

I'll paint my boat a yellow,
And have blue sails, I think;
I'll build her of the finest wood,
So she will never sink.

I'll take a long, long voyage,
And lots of things I'll do;
Then when I come back home again,
I'll take you sailing, too!

WEE MISCHIEF

My Mother says wee Mischief
Comes softly at daybreak
And peeps within my window
To see if I'm awake!

And then he walks in boldly
And says, "How do you do?
I've come to bother Nursie,
While she is dressing you!"

He climbs upon the sofa,
And jumps down on the floor,
He runs about the bedroom,
And hides behind the door!

Wee mischief too, goes walking,
When I go out each day,
And he teases all the children
With whom I often play.

He shows his two big dimples,
When he winks his eyes at you,
And he tries to frighten Father,
By calling at him, "Boo!"

Oh, sometimes when he's naughty,
He makes a great loud noise,
And wants to wake our Baby,
And take away her toys!

Whenever it is rainy
He begs to walk or ride;
But when the Sun is shining,
He'd rather stay inside!

He's always very busy,
And Mother says 'tis true!
In every place where I am,
Wee Mischief's found there, too!

THE WATERFALL

I think 'twould be such lots of fun,
To be a waterfall;
Just keep on tumbling down all day,
And never stop at all!

But there is one thing, I don't seem
To get straight in my head,
And that is why a waterfall
Can't tumble up instead!

A PRACTICAL LESSON!

They said I was a naughty boy,
And made me go to bed;
I was so cross, I cried and screamed,
And covered up my head!

But oh, 'twas dark! And then I thought
How very sad 'twould be
If all the pretty earth and sky
I never more could see.

So right away I knelt and prayed,
"Dear God, I am so glad
That I'm not blind, but have my sight,
I'll not again be bad!"

COOKING CLOTHES

I washed and starched my Dolly's things,
Just like my Grandma's cook;
She taught me exactly what to do,
From out her cooking-book.

I made the water steaming hot,
And then I boiled the clothes;—
I never knew before they cooked
Our underwear and hose!

BESIDE THE SEA

On silvery sand,
With pail in hand,
I play beside the sea;
My Teddy-bear
I carry there,
And he plays too, with me!

Great forts with towers;
And make-believe flowers
In gardens fine and big;
High mountains steep,
With tunnels deep,
All in the sand I dig!

And too, a lake
I sometimes make,
And on the water blue,
I start a-float
My pretty boat,
With Teddy for the crew!

Thus while I play
The hours away
Dressed in my bathing-clothes,
I am so brave,
I let each wave
Roll in to kiss—my toes!

SKATING!

On winter days when cold winds blow,
And snow lies in the street;
I put my cap and jacket on
And rubbers on my feet.

Then out I go, and fancy that
I'm skating on the ice;—
I'd like a pair of truly skates
Like Bob's, so new and nice!

'Tis hard to skate when each skate is
A rubber over-shoe;—
If you don't quite agree with me,
Just see what you could do!

THE TALKING DOLL!

My new Doll says, "How do you do?"
"Mamma," "Papa," and "Thank you," too.
She never says a naughty word,
At least that any one has heard,
For *she* speaks when you pull a string,—
And strings don't talk a naughty thing!

I WONDER!

I wonder if the trees and flowers
Have relatives like me;
If Lilies are the cousins to
The Rose and pink Sweet-pea.

If Heliotrope and Violets
Are kin to one another,
Or if they don't know what it is
To have a baby brother.

I wonder if the Elm and Oak,
The Maple and Pine Tree,
Have uncles, like my Uncle Ned,
Who is so good to me.

And now I'd like to know who are
The Mother and the Father;
But then perhaps to have such things,
The trees and flowers don't bother!

THE SEA-WAVES!

What do the sea-waves whisper, Mother,
And are their stories sad or gay?
I'd think they'd grow quite weary, Mother,
Just breaking on the shore all day!

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

What do little flowers say,
As they grow up day by day?
"We are glad that we are fair,
And with fragrance fill the air,
For our pleasure is to give
Happiness to all who live!"
This is what the flowers say,
As they grow up day by day!

What do little birdies say,
As they grow up day by day?
"Let us sing a song so glad,
That to all the world we'll add
Pæans of praise and joy and love,
In gratitude to God above!"
This is what the birdies say,
As they grow up day by day!

What should little children say,
As they grow up day by day?
"Let us sing as birdies do,
Songs of joy and praises true;
Let us each be as a flower
Budding in Earth's living-bower,
Shedding sweetness everywhere,
Proving God's great loving care!

.

This is what good children say,
As they grow up day by day!

A BORROWING BOY

He borrows from each passing hour
Sunshiny thoughts of joy,
And pays them back with loving words,—
This happy borrowing boy.

He borrows from each present day
Bright smiles for each to-morrow,
And says, "With kindly deeds I'll pay
For all the smiles I borrow!"

TOPSY-TURVY

I think 'twould be so very queer
If things were turned around,
The trains to run upon the sea,
And boats sail on the ground;

If all the land began to rock,
The water to stand still,
We'd have the funniest tumbling time,
For everything would spill!

DUTY BEFORE PLEASURE!

Oh, golden-haired Daisy with bonnet of white,
All tied up securely with green ribbons bright,
How gaily you dance in the fields all day long
While merrily singing your joyous spring song!

Ah, Daisy, I fear that you are a great tease,
For I've heard you call to the soft southern
breeze
And beg him to tarry and play for awhile,
Then try to entice him with your sweetest
smile!

And too, I have seen you glance up at the Sun,
And strive to detain him e'er his work was
done;
The Moon and the Stars you would like to
delay,
But alas, my dear Daisy, you'll ne'er have
your way!

For Duty comes first in this great World of ours,
With the Sun, Moon, and Stars, with the
Winds and the Flowers,
But after the Showers of Work clear away,
There'll come, little Daisy, the Rainbow of
Play!

AROUND THE WORLD

Around the tracks my train does run,
And never stops at all,
Until it reaches Budapest
(The station in the hall).

From there it travels on to Rome,
And then to Naples, too;
The bridge across the Baltic Sea,
Is in the bedroom blue.

The table in the library
Is Sweden and Norway;
And to the south, behind the desk,
The City of Bombay.

Then quickly crossing Germany,
And travelling 'round by Spain,
My train arrives in gay Paree,
Which is upon the Seine.

Over the English Channel rough,
Upon a bridge (foot-stool),
Next comes my train to London-Town,
En route for Liverpool.

Across the ocean then it goes
(Which is the parlor floor),
And stops a minute in New York,
The station at the door.

America, my nursery is;
My bed, the Behring Strait,
Upon the ice my train then runs,
And reaches Asia great.

My Mamma's room is China,
My Papa's room, Japan;
From there, into the hall again,
It goes to Hindustan.

Then back into my Grandma's room
My train comes steaming fast;—
Around the World it has just been,
But now is Home at last!

HAY-STACK RAILWAY

All aboard, for the Hay-stack train!
It leaves each day at two,
There's room for Lou and Jim and Ned,
And little Jane and you!

So come along, let's ring the bell
And start away our train;
How fast we fly down Hay-stack road,—
' And then climb up again!

RED-FACED INDIAN-MAN

On my hands and knees I crawl,
All along the garden wall,
Then beneath a bush I lie,
Like a red-faced Indian-spy.

Brother Ben looks all around,
Listening well to every sound,
For he thinks in ambush low,
He may find a hidden foe.

Under fences, under trees,
Creeping through the fallen leaves,
I can hear him prowl about,
But he'll *never* find me out!

Oh!—there goes the bell for tea!
Nursie's voice is calling me,
To my wigwam I must fly,
So biff! bouf! *bang!!* Ben! here am I!

MY SWALLOW-KITE

My Kite is like a swallow,
With two wings and a tail,
I let it fly 'way up so high
In every summer gale.

The string I hold with both my hands,
To keep my Bird in sight;
Oh, how I wish that I could fly
Up with my Swallow-kite!

WHEN I'M KING

Sometimes I play that I'm a King;
I sit upon a throne,
And on each hand I wear a ring
Of brass and pure rhinestone.

And then a crown of paper gold,
I wear upon my head,
And play that I am very bold—
Have many armies led!

Nurse always does just what I say,
And marches with a gun;
Of course her King she must obey—
It is such jolly fun!

But when that stupid bell does ring,
And supper is announced,
No longer may I be a King,
But from my throne am bounced!

THE BABY-BROOK OF THE MOUNTAIN!

I'm born upon the mountain top,
I creep through rocky ridges,
I tumble down the stony cliffs,
And roll beneath the bridges!

I romp, I play, I dance, I leap!
I grow in ceaseless motion;
Then run into the open arms
Of my great Father-Ocean!

FAIRY FANCIES

If I were a Fairy like you!
There's one thing I'd certainly do;
I would fly far away
To the sweet Land-of-play,
Where the toys are forever bran' new!

If I were a Fairy like you!
I'd ask to have really come true
That my Dolly could walk,
Learn to read, and to talk;
Oh, 'twould please my dear Annabel Lou!

If I were a Fairy like you!
With wings of bright gold and of blue,
I would fly up so high,
Toward the stars in the sky,
And never come back!—now, would you?

SHADOW DANCE

I have a little playmate,
Who's just the size of me,
And everything I try to do,
The very same does he!

He comes out every morning,
In answer to my call,
And then we dance and romp and play
Beside the garden wall.

Some day if you come out there, too,
And take a little glance,
You'll find 'tis but my Shadow,
With whom I always dance!

FIDELITY

She sat by the river,
An object forlorn;
With hair all dishevelled,
And garments all torn;

Without shoes or stockings,
Without gloves or hat,
With no one to talk to,
Alone,—there she sat!

Could any one love her,
This pitiful sight,
Or care for an object
Which looked such a fright?

Ah, yes! there is some one
Who loves tenderly,
This maiden so tattered,
So torn, that you see.

'Tis Baby who loves her,
With all her whole heart,
For *she* sees her Dolly,
Just *pretty* and *smart*!

MY ROSE

I have a little Rose,
And what do you suppose?
It has ten pretty toes,
One cunning little nose,
And hair tied up with bows.
Why, everybody knows
It is my Baby Rose!

MISS MIST

Miss Mist is quite a merry maid,
She trips across the lawn,
And dances down the mountain side
With golden gleams of dawn.

She lightly glides through grassy glens,
And floats upon the sea;
But everything she fondly holds
She veils in mystery!

Miss Mist is quite a fickle maid,
'Tis really sad to say,
For never does she linger long,
But quickly melts away!

THE OCEAN BATTLE

I love to play upon the sand,
That I'm a King in Fairyland;
I build a castle great and tall,
Surrounded by a sandy wall.

The wall I climb and sit inside,
To wait there for the rising tide;
And when the ocean waves roll up,
I bail them out with pail and cup.

My fortress is so safe and strong,
I fear no foe nor mighty throng;
But sit and play there all alone,
Until the tide has backward flown.

And then from out my fort I come,
To wend my way with Nursie home;
A warrior bold, I've fought and won,
And had the greatest lot of fun!

THE RUNAWAY

I love to go to Grandma's,
And so one winter's day,
I thought I'd take my satchel,
And slyly run away!

I packed in it my rompers,
My slippers, and my hat,
My trumpet, and my nightgown,—
'Tis true, I took all that!

And then I went out softly,
And tiptoed through the hall;
I shut the door behind me,
And no one heard at all!

I fled along the sidewalk,
With anxious, pattering feet,
But with each hurrying footfall,
Came Mother's voice so sweet:

"Oh, where's my Baby darling?"
Was what she seemed to say;
"I am so sad without him,
This long, cold winter's day!"

"Dear Mother! I am coming!"
And home again I ran:
"I'll never leave you, Mother,
Till I'm a grown-up man!"

MIRAGE PICTURES

Sometimes I see such curious things
A-floating in the sky;
Big boats with sails turned upside down,
And steamers mountain high!

Sometimes I see a city clear,
 Upon the ocean blue,
And trees a-growing in the waves;
 But none of this is true!

And too, when I'm a naughty boy,
 My sweet Mamma will say:
" 'Tis nothing but mirage, my dear,
 So send it right away!"

Now then, I am a-wondering,
 If all the things that seem
To be quite real to every one
 Are but a *day-time* dream!

MY TIN ARMY

My Soldiers stand all in a row
When off to battle they must go,
 Dressed in their suits of tin!
But as there is no foe to fight,
They have no chance to show their might
 Or prove that they can win!

A FAIR EXCHANGE!

Teach me, little birdie,
 How to sing like you;
I shall do exactly
 What you tell me to!

Then in turn I'll show you
 How to talk like me;
That will be, dear birdie,
 Fair as fair can be!

THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER

I play my room's a mountain,
The mantelpiece, the peak;
To climb up to the top of it,
The road I have to seek.

I go by way of Chair-ville,
Then Bureau-town a mile;
And when I've reached the summit,
I sit and rest awhile.

The view is, oh, so lovely!
I look out on the town—
I never can enjoy it, though,
'Cause Mamma pulls me down!

THE TIDE

A warrior bold,
So I am told,
Lives down beside the sea;
And day or night,
In ocean fight,
He wins triumphantly!

If waves dash high,
And bravely try
To make him beat retreat;
Bold warrior-tide,
Doth e'er abide
The victor when they meet!

WINTER

With wind and snow I travel
Upon my yearly way;
The birds all fly before me,
The blossoms run away!

The singing streams and rivers,
I cause to cease their song;
The pretty lakes and brooklets,
I clothe in jackets strong.

I hide the grassy meadows
'Neath soft sheets clean and white;
And cover up the bushes
With crystal jewels bright!

I chase the merry children,
And nip them teasingly;
But as I bring them happy sports,
They gladly welcome me!

· SOAP BUBBLES

Bubbles, pretty bubbles,
With your tints of red,
Gracefully now floating,
Then tumbling on my head,

Made of soap and water,
With a pipe of clay;
How I wish that bubbles
Would never fade away!

MY DOLLY

Whenever the lights are out at night,
And I am in my bed;
Whenever the stars are shining bright
In the sky far overhead!
Then I nestle close to my Dolly dear,
For she never has the least bit of fear!

Whenever I play in the fields by day,
Or lie on the grassy ground;
Whenever I gather the pretty wild flowers,
And the bees come buzzing around!
Then I keep quite close to my Dolly dear,
For she never has the least bit of fear!

Whenever I'm down on the sandy beach,
And the waves are rolling high,
And they seem to say as they come my
way,
"We shall catch you by and by!"
Then I keep quite close to my Dolly dear,
For she never has the least bit of fear!

So when I am grown to be a man,
And my school-days are all through,
When into the world I have to go,
And I find hard work to do!
Then I'll keep quite close to my Dolly
dear,
For she'll never have the least bit of fear!

OUR HAMMOCK-BOAT

To and fro we swing
In our Hammock-boat;
Lots of fun it is
O'er grassy seas to float!

Up and down we go,
Then our Sailor-band
Tumbles out, to play
We're ship-wrecked on the land!

THE NAUGHTY STORM

A naughty Storm came up one day
Upon a little face,
It drove the sunshine all away;
And rain came in its place.

Great peals of angry cries rang forth
So naught else could be heard,
And with each lightning flash there came
A very naughty word!

"Oh, oh!" cried Nurse, "I s'pose sometimes
We must have heavy showers,
To make the trees and blossoms grow,
And water all the flowers.

"But soon I hope the clouds will go,
And let the weather clear—
Do hurry up, dear Mister Sun,
And come and shine in here!"

Then quickly came a rainbow bright,
Across that pretty face:
"Oh, Nursie, dear, I'm sorry now,
Forgive your Baby Grace!"

A JINGLE

One day I took my Dolly,
Whose name is Mistress Molly,
Out riding in a trolley.
My Nurse said it was folly
To take my little Dolly
Out riding in a trolley;
But I don't see the folly
Of taking darling Molly
Out riding in a trolley,
For she thought it was jolly,
And whispered to me, "Polly,
Let's live inside a trolley,
'Twould be so nice and jolly
For you and me, your Dolly,
To have our Home a trolley!"

MY SOLDIER-TENT

I played I was a Soldier-boy,
All ready for a fight;
I made my tent of shawls and sticks,
Tied up with strings so tight!

I climbed inside to wait awhile
For foes of great renown;
But just before the fight came off,
My war-tent tumbled down!

UNITY

Many little grains of sand
It takes to make the mighty land;
While alone, they ne'er would be
Anything but sand, you see!

Many drops of water too,
It takes to make the ocean blue;
While alone, they ne'er would make
Ocean, river, or a lake!

Many trees of different kinds,
Within a forest dense, one finds;
Still, together there they stay,
Each one growing in its way!

But suppose they all should hate,
Fight, and then should separate;
All alone, each ne'er would be
Anything except a tree!

So together we should stand,
Like a mighty soldier band,
With Love as armor, then should we,
United, be God's Family!

ONLY

Only two little worn-out shoes,
Only a sash of blue;
Only a faded rose-trimmed hat
That once looked bright and new!
Only a soiled white frock of silk,
With flounce of ragged lace;
Only a coat with buttons off,
Only a sorry face!
Only a pair of china eyes,
Only a thing forlorn!
Yet Baby's love for Dolly, dear,
Can ne'er grow old nor worn!

MY AEROPLANE

Oh, come with me,
And I'll explain
The way I fly
My Aeroplane!

We'll sail so fast
Up toward the skies,
'Twill make you open
Wide your eyes!

Now say good-bye
To all below;
Then turn the crank,
And off we go!

Just hold this lever,
Pull it tight!
And we shall gain
An upward flight!

Oh, soon we'll reach
The golden Sun!—
A flying-ship
Is lots of fun!

Quick! here's a cloud!
Steer round about!
Alas! we've struck
And tumbled out!

.

Oh, oh! dear me!
It is too bad!
'Twas nothing but
A dream I had!

PICTURES IN THE SKY

I like to look way up so high
To see the Pictures in the sky;
There're valleys, mountains, hills and dales,
And pretty boats with cloudy sails.

There're flowers and animals and things
Which look like birds with fleecy wings;
But while I look, I wonder why
My Picture-clouds must all blow by!

LITTLE FISHES

Fishes in the rivers,
And fishes in the sea!
How I wish the fishes
Would sometimes play with me!

If I go too near them
They quickly swim away!
Maybe little fishes
Do not know how to play!

THE PHILOSOPHER

I have to go to bed just when
I want to stay awake, but then
My Mamma says 'tis good for me
To go to bed soon after tea.

And so I put my dollies, too,
Within their little bed of blue,
For what is good for me must be
Just quite as good for them, you see!

CONTENTED

I did not like to have red hair,
I wanted golden curls,
Like Sister Sue and Cousin Mai,
And other little girls.

And so I took my brush and paints
And mixed a yellow bright;
But when I'd painted all my hair,
I looked a dreadful fright!

My Mamma came and scolded me,
And put me into bed.
So after this I guess I'll be
Content with my hair red!

THE TREES' WARDROBE

The trees are very vain, I think!
I feel this must be true,
Because they like to change their gowns
As much as people do!

When spring and summer time arrive,
Each one is proudly seen
To don a dress all new and bright,
Made up in shades of green.

In autumn time they make a change,
And robe in gorgeous clothes
Of orange, yellow, red, and bronze,
All trimmed with tints of rose!

But when the winter comes, alas!
I'm sorry for the trees,
For then they wear no clothes at all!
I wonder they don't freeze!

FRISKY SQUIRREL

Frisky little Squirrel,
Won't you play with me?
I shall be as gentle,
Gentle as can be!

Peanuts I shall give you
If you will but stay
Just where I can stroke your
Pretty coat of grey!

If I wear to-morrow
My fur coat that's new,
Then perhaps you'll think that
I'm a Squirrel, too!

AFTERNOON TEA

On rainy afternoons at three,
I make a cup of Cambric-Tea;
I first take water, boiling hot,
And next some sugar,—such a lot!

A drop of milk I put with it,
And stir it up a little bit,
And then from out my pretty cup,
I quickly drink my tea all up!

My Nursie always says to me,
“'Tis only Old Maids who like tea!”
But oh, of course, this cannot be,
Because I'm *not a girl* you see!

THE SELFISH MOON

Sleeping, sleeping, all the day,
Never watching children play;
Opening your eyes to peep,
When it's time to go to sleep;

Naughty Moon, you are so bad,
No wonder that your face is sad,
Only giving out your light,
In the middle of the night.

Now, it's diff'rent with the Sun,
He seems to have a lot of fun,
Getting up on every day,
Just to make the world look gay.

He's not selfish, like you, Moon,
Sleeping all the time at noon;
Just suppose he did that, too,
What would everybody do?

THE WICKET-GATE

Swinging swiftly back and forth
On the Wicket-Gate,
Holding fast with both their hands
Are Cousin Ray and Kate.

Off to London-Town in haste
Speed these cousins two,
Happy little travelers,
All the journey through.

Home again they come at last
On the Wicket-Gate,
Having had an hour of fun,—
Ray and Cousin Kate!

OH, WHY!

Oh, why do the trees grow up, Mamma,
Instead of growing down?
And why are the leaves all green, Mamma,
Instead of black or brown?
Oh, why is the sky a blue, Mamma,
And not a pink or white?
And why do the Stars come out just when
It's time to sleep at night?
Oh, why is the Sun made round, Mamma,
And why does it shine by day?
And why does the Moon sail through the sky
Across the Milky-Way?
Oh, why is the Earth a ball, Mamma,
And why does it roll about?
And why do the people stick on it,
Instead of falling out?
Oh, why do I have to be a girl,
And not a boy like Joe?
Now all these things, my dear Mamma,
I'd so much like to know!

THE WIND

Oh, Wind, I'm sure you are a tease,
You whisper secrets to the trees,
And gaily send a playful breeze
To toss the ships upon the seas.

You love to kiss the children fair,
And tangle up their flowing hair;
Ah, Wind! how much you do and dare,
As you go flying through the air!

MY DOMAIN

Down beside the running brook
There's a little shady nook,
Where I love to go and stay
Through each happy summer day.

On a bough I have a throne,
Where I sit and play alone
That I am a royal King
Governing flowers and everything.

Robin redbreast in the tree
Sings a song to welcome me;
Butterflies and golden bees
Flit and frolic in the breeze.

And I watch the speckled trout
In the water swim about,
While the gentle wandering sheep
Steal quite near at me to peep!

Thus the hours slip by too fast,
And the happy day is past,
For, ere twilight shadows fall
I must say good-night to all!

THE RAIN

Oh, dry your eyes and do not cry,
Dear Baby Rain from out the sky,
For don't you know you've helped along
The babbling brooks to sing their song?

There is no reason to be sad,
You've really made the flowers glad;
So Baby Rain just stop your fears,
And cease, on us, to drop your tears!

THE SNOW

Fair flakes of Snow, you're Fairies bright,
Who flit and dance all through the night,
And leave your prints of dainty feet
Upon the trees and on the street.

You like to paint the world pure white,
And give the children all delight;
I'll tell you something that I know,
We love you dearly, Fairy Snow!

THE SUNSHINE

I fill with light the earth and sky,
I climb upon the mountains high,
I drive the darkness all away,
For where I live 'tis always day.

I sparkle on the waters blue,
I make the world a golden hue,
I whisper to the hills and dales,
The prettiest little fairy-tales!

THE MOONLIGHT

I dress in silvery robes of light,
Whene'er I travel in the night;
I strew my pathway on the sea,
With sparkling gems of brilliancy.

I play with shadows on the ground,
I throw bright moonbeams all around,
I chase the darkness from the lawn,
And frolic with the rays of dawn!

SPRING

You cannot hear me coming,
My footfall is so light,
But everywhere I journey,
I'm welcomed with delight!

I coax the brooks to babble,
The mountain streams to flow,
I deck the trees with blossoms,
And help the flowers to grow!

I brighten all the landscape,
I bid the birds to sing;
And little children love me,
And know my name is Spring!

THE WOODS

I like to wander through the woods,
And pick my way among the trees;
I love the rustling mystic sound
My feet make on the fallen leaves!

I hunt the little Gnomes, and Elves,
And Fairies bright with gossamer wings,
Who live within the forest dense,
Of which my Nursie sometimes sings!

But softly as I try to step,
I know the Fairies hear me come,
And shyly hide themselves away,
Or fly back quickly to their home!

For I have never seen one yet,
Though many times I've tried and tried!
But some day, soon, I hope I'll find
The secret places where they hide!

MEMORY BOOK

Our memory is like a book,
The pages written on
With things we've said, and things we've
thought,
And deeds that we have done.

Now let this Book of Memory,
Be sacred to us all,
Write nothing on a page of it,
We'd care not to recall.

Then when the leaves are backward turned,
To read the story told,
There'll be no word, no thought, nor deed,
But of the purest gold.

THE SUN AND I!

The Sun and I have oh, great fun,
He plays with me till day is done,
And then he slowly goes to bed,
And covers up his golden head.

I miss him through the long dark night,
My faithful friend so big and bright!
But then in just a little while
Again I see his merry smile!

For every morn he early wakes,
And o'er the earth his way he takes;
And as he goes he looks about
Until at last, he finds me out!

Then with a glance most teasingly
He quickly darts a ray on me!
But in the shadows dark I run
To hide myself away in fun.

Quite often, too, he does the same,
And plays with me the hiding game;
He creeps behind the clouds of gray,
And there he stays all through the day!

But always do I like it best
At eve, when he is in the West;
For then it seems he's nearer by
To play our games,—the Sun and I!

MY SUNSET GARDEN

The rainbow hues at eventide
Are flowers in the sky,
Which bud and blossom one by one
Up in my Garden high.

The Violet lifts her modest head
And looks the wide world through,
Then quickly comes the dainty bloom,
Forget-me-not of blue.

Glad Marigold and Roses red,
With emerald leaves about,
Chase Dandelion and Mignonette,
While Clovers pink peep out!

Next Mister Dusk-man wanders forth
With his great cloak of gray
And covers up my pretty flowers,
And hides them all away!

But well I know when night is gone,
And day-time hours fly by,
That once again my flowers bright
Will blossom in the sky!

MY FUNNY FUZZY BEARS!

I own two funny fuzzy Bears,
A white one and a gold!
They came about five months ago,
So they're not very old!

They both kiss me when I kiss them,
And cuddle close and tight;
They sleep beside me in my bed
All through the darksome night!

They're gentle, kind, obedient, too,
As nice Bears ought to be;
They'll sit quite still upon the floor
For hours to play with me.

But oh, suppose my fuzzy Bears,
Should come alive some day!
Dear me! But wouldn't I be scared!
I'd have to run away!

OH, JUST SUPPOSE!

Oh, just suppose each drop of rain
Became a pretty flower;—
How much we'd wish for showers to come
To make the world a bower!

We'd have green showers of mignonette,
And showers of violets, blue,
And purple showers of heliotrope,
Pink showers of roses, too!

We'd have perhaps a shower of gold,
When Spring or Fall was nigh,
And daffodils or golden-rod
Fell down from out the sky!

Sometimes we'd have a rainbow shower
Of wild flowers, every hue!
And oh, I think this shower would be
The prettiest one, don't you?

And just suppose in Winter-time,
When cold North winds do blow,
We'd have a shower of daisies, white,
Instead of flakes of snow!

A glorious world we'd have, for when
The bright Sun hid its face,
There'd be a shower of brilliant flowers
To quickly take its place!

Twilight Poems

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP

Sleep, Baby, sleep,
The birds have ceased to peep,
And all the pretty baby-flowers
Have closed their eyes for bed-time hours,
Sleep, Baby, sleep!

Sleep, Darling, sleep,
Within the fields the sheep
Have gone to Dreamland long ago,
The drowsy breeze begins to blow,
Sleep, Darling, sleep!

Sleep, Sweetheart, sleep,
The Angels bright will keep
A watch o'er you all through the night,
So shut your little eye-lids tight,
Sleep, Sweetheart, sleep!

OUR TWILIGHT AIR-SHIP

Soaring, soaring, towards the sky,
In an Air-ship, you and I,
Faster than the clouds we go,
Rocking, swaying, to and fro!

O'er the breezy waves we float,
Sailing like a little boat;
Oh, 'tis fun to fly so high
To the Land-of-Dreamy-bye!

NOD-TOWN

Have you ever been to Nod-town,
The town where children go,
When at night-fall they are drowsy,
And dream-winds gently blow?

The town is filled with Fairies,
Who nod as you pass by;
And none of Nod-town's babies
Was ever heard to cry!

The flowers in Nod-town's gardens
All bloom at twilight hour,
And little children tarry
To pluck a shadow-flower.

The birds in Nod-town's tree-tops
Sing sweetest lullabies
To the flitter and the flutter
Of the wings of butterflies.

And as you wander onward,
Through Nod-town's quiet street,
You find you, too, are nodding
To all whom there you meet.

But lo! a mist from Sleep-land
Comes softly every night,
And quickly covers Nod-town,
And hides it from your sight!

THE SKY-NURSERY

One little, two little, three little Stars,
Tucked away snugly in bed;
Four little, five little, six little Stars,
Shining so brightly o'erhead;
Seven little, eight little, nine little Stars,
Where do you stay all the day?
Ten little, dear little, cute little Stars,
Have you a name each, I pray?

One little, two little, three little Stars,
Do you have pretty sky-flowers?
Four little, five little, six little Stars,
Where do you hide in the showers?
Seven little, eight little, nine little Stars,
Have you rag-dollies to hold?
Ten little, dear little, cute little Stars,
Are all your gowns made of gold?

One little, two little, three little Stars,
What makes you all twinkle so?
Four little, five little, six little Stars,
Is it the way that you grow?
Seven little, eight little, nine little Stars,
Tucked away snug in your beds;
Ten little, dear little, cute little Stars,
Don't tumble down on our heads!

MY CUDDLEY-PILLOW

My Cuddley is my comfort;
Each night when I'm in bed,
I put my arm about it,
And hold it 'neath my head.

I press my cheek upon it,
For it is smooth and white,
And thus we sleep together
Till morning's golden light.

Then up I jump from bed-bye,
And leave my Cuddley there
Alone, all through the day-time,—
I hardly think it's fair!

But Cuddley never minds it,
For when again each night,
I cuddle close to Cuddley,
It cuddles just as tight!

TREASURE-MINE!

Rocking in a cradle-shell,
To and fro,
Singing to herself a song,
Sweet and low,
Does my little Treasure-Mine,
Think she's sailing on the brine?

She is happy as can be,
In her bed,
Watching all the twinkling stars
Overhead.
She will catch a moon-beam bright,
To guide her safely thro' the night.

Pretty little cradle-shell,
Pink and white!
Guard my precious Treasure-Mine,
Hold her tight,
Till the waves of dawn once more
Bring her back to waking-shore!

TOODLEDY-TOOTS!

Toodledy-Toots, from the room next door,
Glides softly over the Nursery floor;
Then lowly bends to take a peep
To see if her Baby is fast asleep:
 Toodledy-Toots!

Toodledy-Toots pulls the sheets of white
Over her Baby so snug and tight;
Then gently lays on her cheek so fair,
A tender kiss and leaves it there:
 Toodledy-Toots!

Toodledy-Toots breathes a little prayer,
And trusts her Baby to God's safe care;
Then back to her pretty bed of blue,
She goes and sleeps the whole night thro':
 Toodledy-Toots!

Toodledy-Toots, in the morning bright,
Jumps from her bed with a cry of delight,
And swiftly runs o'er the Nursery floor:
"Oh! Baby-Doll, to-day I'm *four!*"
 Toodledy-Toots!

THE NURSERY-SEA

Rolling on the Nursery-Sea,
In my cradle cosily,
Dolly with me on the deep—
 O'er the tide we float;
While the breaking waves of sleep
 Splash against our boat,
And the quiet dreamy spray
Covers us, till dawn of day!

CRYSTAL DEW-DROP

Little crystal Dew-drop,
Sparkling like a star,
Tell me where you come from,
And what you really are.

You 'light upon my flowers,
And kiss their petals bright;
You flit about my garden,
And play all through the night.

But when I try to catch you,
Or pick you from a rose,
You fly away to nothing!—
You're a Fairy, I suppose!

PIERRETTE AND PIERROT!

When dressed up in our nighty-gowns,
We look just like two comic clowns;
Of course you ask, how do we know?
Because the mirror tells us so!

My little Sister is Pierrette,
We grandly dance the minuet;
Of course you ask, how do we know?
Because the mirror tells us so!

My sweet Pierrette and I, Pierrot!
We laugh and sing and heel and toe;
And when into our beds we go,
We dream of Fairy-Clowns, Hi, Ho!

THE MAN IN THE MOON

Dear old, queer old Mister Man
Dwelling in the Moon.
It is such a funny house,
Like a big balloon!

How do you go in and out
With no door at all?
Does it not seem strange to live
In a shining ball?

Daddy says you always stay
Up there in the sky.
Have you, too, a little child
Quite as small as I?

When the stars peep out each eve
Then I watch for you,
So to-night, dear Mister Man,
Look for me—please do!

SLEEPY-EYES

Two little eyes so sleepy,
Two little eyes of blue;
Two little eyes so busy,
Working the whole day through!

Two little eyes so merry,
Two little eyes so bright;
Two little eyes go bye-bye,
Shut up your eye-lids tight!

Two little eyes rest sweetly,
Two little eyes dream dreams;
Two little eyes pop open,
Soon as the day-break gleams!

DEAR LOVE

Dear Love, I know
That while I sleep,
Your little child
You safely keep;

And in the day,
I'm in Love's care;
For "God is Love,"
And everywhere!

Thus day or night,
As Love is near,
Why should a child
Have aught to fear?

THE COMET-TRAVELER

Dashing gaily through the sky,
Speeds the Comet with one eye,
Brilliant eye of golden light,
Shining in the dark at night.

'Twixt the Stars he wends his way,
Trails his flaming bright array:
"Ho!" he cries as he sweeps by,
"Was ever Star as grand as I!"

Though he's always on the wing,
He, of all the Stars is King,
And wisely rules his twinkling band,
In his flight through Starry-Land!

A NIGHT VOYAGE

Oh, lift the anchor, Nursie dear,
And say good-bye to me,
For I must sail away alone
Upon the Sleepy-Sea!

I need no crew to take me out
Across the deep afar;
The gentle waves of dreams bear on
My boat o'er Drowsy-Bar!

And when at last I wake, and see
That Day-Time Dock is nigh,
I find my room the Harbor is,
The ceiling is the sky!

GOING TO SLEEP!

When I am tucked in bed each night,
Before Mamma puts out the light,
She lets me take a farewell look
Within my pretty picture-book!

I see the birds upon the trees,
Some ships a-sailing on the seas,
And children running to and fro,—
To bed *they* never have to go!

The Elephant and Kangaroo,
May stay awake the whole night through!
'Tis really sad that only I
Must go so soon to Dreamy-Bye.

I *try* to keep awake my eyes,
But every night to my surprise
They close up fast so I can't see
Till daylight comes to waken me!

THE UNREAL ELF!

I thought I'd try the other night,
To catch the little Elf called Fear;
And so I walked right in the dark,
To see if he were real and near!

For just one second I was scared,
And cried, "Go 'way, you naughty Elf!"
And then I saw there is no Fear,
'Cause no one answered but myself!

THE LULLABY TREES

"Lullaby, lullaby!"
Sing the tall Trees,
As they rock, gently rock
Their baby leaves.

"Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye!
In your bough-bed;
While the Moon, while the Stars,
Shine overhead.

"Shut your eyes, pretty eyes,
Go sleepy-bye;
Dear little baby leaves,
Oh, do not cry!

"Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye!
Branches bend low;
While you sleep, while you dream,
Soft breezes blow.

"Lullaby, lullaby!"
Sing the tall Trees,
As they rock, gently rock,
Their baby leaves!

DOLLY-BYE

Go to sleep my Dolly-Bye,
For your Mother dear is nigh,
Close your pretty eyes of blue,
Just as grown-up children do!

Now we'll say our little prayer,
Thank God for his loving care,
Know He'll guard us through the night,
And wake us in the morning bright.

Off to Dreamland there you go,
While I rock you to and fro!
Oh, but soon I'll follow you,
For Dolly-Bye I'm slee-py—to-o—

MISTER DUSK-MAN

Does Mister Dusk-man draw a shade
Across the sky each night,
To cover up the pretty blue
And hide it from our sight?

And does he place the Stars around,
And light them one by one,
As soon as he has hid away
The jolly beaming Sun?

And does he sometimes send the Moon
To guide the ships at sea?
And does he watch the World asleep,
As Nursie watches me?

And does he early every morn,
Before we are about,
Roll back the shade from off the sky,
And turn the Star-lights out?

THE MOON-BOAT

The Stars are sparkling silvery isles,
Upon the Empyrean sea;
The crescent Moon, a craft afloat,—
'Tis thus it seems to me.

Oh! that I knew the Port from which
The Moon-Boat sails away,
I'd hasten to embark in it,
And cross the Midnight Bay!

MY CRIB-CANOE

To and fro,
Off I go
On the sea of sleep;
Eyes shut tight,
Through the night,
While I sail the deep.

Dolly dear,
I hold near,
In my Crib-canoë;
Nursie's song
Echoes long
A lullaby-adieu!

On the tide
Thus I ride;
And when the morning gleams,
I'm back once more
From the shore
Of the Land-of-Dreams!

THE STARS

I like to watch the pretty Stars
Shining in the sky,
They peep out only in the night;
I wish they'd tell me why!

If I could do just as I wish
And have all things my way,
I'd surely make the pretty Stars
To shine, instead, by day!

THE ROCK-A-BYE ELVES

The Rock-a-bye Elves,
From Rock-a-bye Town,
Wear garments of gray,
And slippers of brown.

Their wings are of blue,
Their caps made of green,
And they look the queerest
You ever have seen!

They dance on the flowers,
All wet with the dew;
And with their own shadows,
They play peek-a-boo!

They balance themselves
On the leaf of a tree,
While singing their song
Of "Hy-diddle-dee-dee!"

They enter your room,
When you're snug in bed,
And if you're not careful
They 'light on your head!

They look for your blocks,
Your dolls, and your gun;
For Rock-a-bye Elves
Just love to have fun!

But when you wake up,
They hasten away,
And do not come back
Till the close of the day.

So place your toys neatly,—
That's what you should do,—
Then at night little Dream-Elves
May play with them too!

THE WHISPERING WIND!

O Whispering Wind, please tell me
Just what you say at night,
Most times your tales sound sorry!
'Tis seldom they are bright!

I wonder where you wander,
When'er you go from here;
And if you live far yonder;
Or is your home quite near?

Can no one understand you,
When murmuring low you tell
The many little secrets true,
Which in your heart do dwell?

O Whispering Wind a-blowing,
Teach me your language, too,
That I may have the knowing
Of how to comfort you!

FAIRY FOUNTAIN

Little drops of water
 Jumping up so high,
Do you really try to see
 If you can reach the sky?

I can hear you chatter
 As you romp and play,
Tell me Fairy Fountain,
 What is it that you say?

CRADLE-CORNER

When in my Cradle-Corner,
 I'm happy all the night,
For then I dream of Fairies,
 With shining wings of light!

They dance about my bedroom,
 And climb up on the wall!
And if they tumble downward,
 They never mind at all!

They glance at me quite shyly,
 And smile the sweetest smile;
Then sit upon my cradle
 To rest themselves awhile!

But there's about these Fairies,
 A Something very queer!
They never speak a single word,
 At least that I can hear!

And so perhaps the Fairies,
 The Birds and Flying-things,
All have a *special* language,
 And talk just with their wings!

TELL ME!

Do Birdies fly to Dreamland,
When they are fast asleep,
As twilight softly deepens,
And they have ceased to peep?

And do the tiny Blossoms
Run off to Dreamland too,
Ere they awake at daybreak,
Kissed by the morning dew?

And every night do Children,
The little Girls and Boys,
All hurry into Dreamland,
To play with Fairy toys?

And do they tease the Elves there?
Is that the reason why
They're chased back home each morn when
The Sun is in the sky?

GOLDEN FIRE-FLY

Flying, flying, in and out,
Flashing rays of light about;
Golden Fire-fly do you stay
Asleep in bed all through the day?

I look every place for you,
In the house and garden, too;
But you keep well out of sight
Until the darkness comes at night!

Then you flit and fly around,
Up so high and near the ground;
But when I try to catch your spark,
You quickly make your lantern dark!

DREAMLAND HARBOR

Sailing along on the water,
Sailing along on the deep;
This is the way that I journey
Out on the calm Sea-of-Sleep.

Rocking about in my cradle,
Rocking about to and fro,
Into the Harbor-of-Dreamland;
This is the way that I go!

BABY BREEZE

Sweet Baby Breeze is calling
To all the Woodland Trees,
"Oh! have you seen my Mother?
Do tell me if you please!

"I've chased her through the valley,
I've climbed the mountains high,
And yet I cannot catch her,
She blows so swiftly by!"

"Yes, Baby Breeze, we've seen her,"
Cried all the Trees aloud,
"She passed this way at sunset,
Wrapped in a dusky cloud!"

"Oh! I must hasten onward,
Before she's reached the sea,
For if I call out loud enough,
Perhaps she'll wait for me.

"And then we'll blow together
Across the ocean blue,
So good-bye pretty Woodland Trees,
I'm much obliged to you!"

LULLABY-BABY-BYE

Lullaby-Baby,
Lullaby-bye,
Soon like the birdies,
You'll learn to fly,
Fly from your cradle
In the home nest;
Close your eyes, Darling,
Now take your rest.

Mother is near you,
Softly she sings,
Wait till the morning,
Then try your wings;
Flitter and flutter,
Off you can fly;
Oh, Lullaby-Baby,
Lullaby-bye!

THE FUNNY MOON

The Man in the Moon
Comes up from the sea,
He winks, and he blinks,
And smiles down on me!
He's jolly, and big,
And rosy, and fat,
The funniest thing
I ever looked at!
And as on his way
The higher he goes,
The paler he gets
And the smaller he grows!

COZY-CRAFT

Come glide away in Cozy-Craft,
The gentle billows o'er,
We'll wave good-bye to day-time friends,
On Wide-Awake-Land shore.

Our bark is strong, our sails are set,
And thus there's naught to fear;
We'll rock upon the flowing tide,
Until we reach the pier.

Then anchored safe in Slumber-Port,
We'll rest in quiet there;
The Cozy-Craft is Mother's arms,
The tide, her rocking-chair!

A DREAMER

I love to dream at night-time,
I love to dream by day,
For then I go a-traveling
So many miles away!

I sail across the ocean,
I climb up mountains steep,
And sometimes play with Fairies,
When I am fast asleep!

I wish in night- and day-dreams
You, too, might go with me,
For no one can imagine
The lovely things I see!

FAIRY-FLOWERS

Please tell me, are there Fairy-Flowers
With rainbow wings of petals bright?
And do the Fairies hide themselves
Within the stems quite far from sight?

Oh! I shall hasten to the pool,
In which I know pond-lilies grow,
And I shall pluck one out to see
If there's a Fairy down below!

TWINKLING STARS

Twinkling Stars, oh, tell me why
You live ever in the sky;
Don't you like it here below,
Where the pretty rivers flow?

Some day if I find a way,
I shall climb up where you stay;
Then perhaps I'll like it, too,
Dwelling in the sky of blue!

BABY MOON

The Moon rocks gently to and fro,
Safe in her silvery bed;
And every night the Stars keep watch
Above her pretty head.

In day-time when their lights go out,
The Stars have shut their eyes;
Does little Baby Moon go then
To sleep in other skies?

GLOWING EMBERS

Beside the fire I like to sit,
Each windy wintry night,
And gaze into the golden flames
And glowing embers bright!

I picture royal Queens and Kings,
And Giants great and tall!
All holding court in gay attire,
Or dancing at a ball!

I fancy dainty Fairies, too,
Who lightly flit about;
But when my fun is at its height,
My pretty fire burns out!

THE RUNAWAY-STAR

Last night I saw a silver Star
Dash swiftly through the sky,
I could not follow his bright flash
He went so quickly by!

Do you suppose he dropped to Earth
From out his home afar,
And left his little shining friends,
And gleaming Mother-star?

Oh, do you think they'll miss him soon,
And search the sky about
Until at last they look down here,
And find the truant out?

I wonder if when clouds arise,
And it begins to rain,
That sparkling little Runaway
Will dart up home again!

THE CALL OF THE ELVES

Can you hear the wee Elves singing,
 Baby dear?
Listen to their chime-bells ringing,
 Baby dear!
They are calling you away
To their Fairyland of play,
 Baby dear!

Close your pretty eyes of blue,
 Baby dear,
Soon the Elves will come for you,
 Baby dear,
And upon their wings they'll bear
You to their home so wondrous fair,
 Baby dear!

But when gleams of day appear,
 Baby dear,
Beg them bring you quickly here,
 Baby dear,
For your Mother loves you best,
Safely in her arms now rest,
 Baby dear!

DREAMY-VALLEY

Way down through Dreamy-Valley
 I dearly love to go,
For there among the shadows
 I wander to and fro.

I chase the silver fire-flies
Which glimmer in the grass;
And watch the dainty Fairies
Dance gaily as they pass.

They often beckon to me
To join their happy band,
And as we frolic onward,
They lead me by the hand.

We flit through Drowsy-Forest,
And stop at Slumber-Tree;
And here the pretty Fairies
Shower dream-leaves down on me.

Then on again we scamper
Until we reach the shore
Of Sound-Asleepy River,—
Where I see and hear no more!

Just how we cross the water,
And travel round-about
To Sudden-Wake-Up Mountain,
I never can find out!

I only know the Fairies
There quickly drop my hand,
For when my eyes are open
I'm back in Nursery-Land!

Oh! sometime I shall tease them
And hold on tight to see
If I can *make* the Fairies
Come home and live with me!

SLUMBER-SEA

I watch my Baby slowly sail
Out on the Slumber-Sea;
The Fairies light the Stars above
To guide him far from me.

The moonbeams strew his path with gold,
The dream-waves rock him bye,
And softly gliding on he drifts
Beneath the midnight sky!

But with the coming of the dawn,
His craft will land him here;
And then he'll find he never left
His home, and Mother dear!

THE STAR-BALLOONS!

At twilight when the sparkling Sun
Has bidden us good-bye,
And every little diamond Star
Peeps out up in the sky;

'Tis then I wonder if perhaps
Good children live up there,
And all the Stars are bright balloons,
A-flying in the air!

And maybe when a Shooting-star
Drops down toward us below;
'Tis just because some little girl
Let her balloon-string go!

WHEN DAY IS DONE

When day is done—and lights are out,
And you are tucked in bed;
Remember then the deeds you've done,
Recall the words you've said.

And if the deeds that day were kind,
The words both gentle, true,
I'm sure the Angels bright will bring
Sweet rest, dear child, to you!

THE MOON IS SHY!

The Moon looks down and smiles on me,
When I'm in bed;
I throw a good-night kiss to her,
Far-overhead.
She hides her face behind a cloud on high,—
I think the Moon is shy, so very shy!

She comes out only in the dark,—
I wonder why?
She never shines when it is day,
Up in the sky!
Perhaps she does not like the Sun, and so—
She stays away until she sees him go!

She seems quite friendly with the Stars,
As they pass by;
For I have seen her beam on them
When they are nigh;
So I am sure if she just once would try,
She'd learn to love the Sun as much as I!

SLEEP-A-BYE, BABY!

Sleep-a-bye, Baby,
In your rose-bed;
Softly the dew-drops
Shine overhead.
Wee golden ringlets
Are petals so bright;
Sleep, Mother's Rose-bud,
Sleep well to-night!

THE DREAMLAND QUEEN

I am Queen of the Fairies of Dreamland,
I am Queen of the Fairies of Sleep!
While you drift to the Land-of-Bye-bye,
Ever close to your side do I keep!

As I guide your canoe down the river,
Down the River-of-Rock-a-bye-bye,
We can hear the sweet tones of the song-birds
That are singing a low lullaby!

The round Moon and the Stars drop downward
Just to bathe in the cool crystal stream;
And our boat gently glides with us onward
To the realm of a Shadowy-Dream!

In this wonderful country called Dreamland,
We can see how the real jewels grow
On the trees and the bushes like blossoms,
And the leaves are bright emeralds, aglow!

All the houses are made of great diamonds,
While the streets are pure turquoise of blue,
And the wings of the Fairies are opals,
Their soft robes like the topaz in hue!

Now we stay in this Land-of-the-Fairies,
And we join in their dances and play,
Till the faint ruby rays of the morning
Softly herald the coming of day!

Then away in my arms do I bear you,
Bear you back o'er the pearly white shore
Of the fast-rolling Sea-of-Awakening,
Till we reach your Home-Nursery once more!

In your crib then I leave you and kiss you,
E'er you open your eyes in the light;
But alas! You'll forget your Queen Fairy,
Your Queen Fairy of Dreamland and Night!

BYE-O-BYE!

Bye-o-bye, Baby,
Bye-o-bye, Dear,
Dream-bells are ringing,
Softly and clear;
Fairies are singing
Sweet lullabies,
Bye-o-bye, Baby,
Close your bright eyes!

Bye-o-bye, Baby,
Bye-o-bye, bye,
Stars are appearing
In sleepy-sky;
Echoes from Night-Land
Come to us here,
Bye-o-bye, Baby,
Bye-o-bye, Dear!

Bye-o-bye, Baby,
Bye-o-bye, Dear,
Dream-bells are ringing,
Softly and clear;
Fairies are singing
Hush-a-bye-bies,
Good-night, my Baby,
Close your bright eyes!

FAIRY FROLICS

Dear pretty little Fairies,
I'd love to play with you;
I'd flit and fly exactly
The way I see you do!

Now if you would but lend me
Two wings like yours so bright;
Then all about the garden,
I'd frolic in delight!

I'd tease the bashful flowers,
And chase the gentle breeze,
Alight upon the tree-tops,
And dance upon the leaves!

And when the morning Sun-beams
Shine forth and spoil our fun,
I'd give you back your golden wings,
And swiftly home I'd run!

ROCK-A-BYE

Rock-a-bye, low,
Rock-a-bye, high,
Oh, soon you will rock to the Slumberland
sky;
And there you can sail on a soft cloud of white,
And Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, all through the
night!

Rock-a-bye, high,
Rock-a-bye, low,
The Fairies will guide you wherever you go,
And sing, sweetly sing as the soft breezes blow :
So Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, Rock-a-bye, Oh!

COMPANIONSHIP

When in my bed at night-time,
And all the lights are out,
Sometimes I feel quite lonely
For no one is about!

But then I think of Jamie,
And Ben, my friends of day,
And little baby Sister,
With whom I always play.

I love them, oh, I love them
So hard! I cannot feel
The darkness any longer,
The love-beams are so real.

And soon I sleep securely,
And know the Angels bright,
Which took away the "lonely,"
Were just love-thoughts of light!

A LULLABY!

Let me rock you, little one,
Now the happy day is done;
In your Mother's arms you'll stay
Till you reach the land
Where the pretty Fairies play
On the golden sand;
Safe within their care you'll be
Till morning brings you back to me!

MY CRADLE-SHIP

My cradle-ship sails out to sea,
It carries Baby-doll and me;
We both are happy as can be,
Each night!

As o'er the waves we rock-a-bye,
We softly sing our lullaby,
My precious Baby-doll and I,
Each night!

Then gently gliding to and fro,
To far-off Dreamland soon we go,
Out where the peaceful sleep-winds blow,
Each night!

Within our tiny ship we stay
And rest a-while from day-time play,
Until the dark hours flee away,
Each night!

THE STAR FLOWERS

There is a garden in the sky,
 I know,
Where twinkling Stars like flowers bloom—
 'Tis so!
And when the Sun goes down by day,
 I see
Each tiny bud peep out to look
 At me!
I watch them grow and blossom forth
 So bright,
In sparkling flowers which glow all through
 The night;
But when the morning comes the Sun
 Sees them
And picks each flowering Star from off
 Its stem!

BED-TIME MARCH

Every night we play at marching,
 When it's time for bed;
Sister Claire and little Willie,
 George and I and Fred!

All around the room we tramp-tramp,
 With our dolls and toys,
Tooting horns and blowing whistles,—
 Making such a noise!

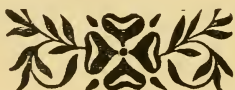
But the instant Nurse gives signal
 Into bed we leap—
Still our thoughts keep right on marching
 To the Land-of-Sleep!

NIGHT

I throw my mantle o'er the Earth,
To shield her garments bright;
The sapphire seas, the emerald hills,
Each eve I hide from sight.

The Moon looks down and smiles on me,
The Stars shine overhead;
And while the World sleeps calmly on,
My peace is o'er her spread.

And at the hour for Morn to rise,
To bring the coming day,
I gather up my flowing robes
And softly steal away!

*FROM THE AUTHOR*

*My dearest children big and small,
Whene'er you read these rhymes recall
The one who wrote them loves you all!*

INDEX

A

	PAGE
A Borrowing Boy	46
A Dreamer	95
A Fair Exchange!	55
A Gipsy	31
A Happy Chorus	27
A Jingle	60
A Lullaby!	106
A Morning Call.	22
A Night Voyage	85
A Practical Lesson!	42
A Secret!	12
A Year of Babies	4
Afternoon Tea	65
Among the Apples	25
Around the World	47
Awake!	11

B

Baby Breeze	93
Baby Moon	96
Baby's Likeness!	13
Bed-Time March	107
Beside the Sea	42
Birth	5
Bobby!	25
Bright Sayings	8
Bye-o-Bye!	103

C

Companionship	105
Contented	64

	PAGE
Cooking Clothes	42
Cordelia at the Piano!	24
Cozy-Craft	95
Cradle-Corner	91
Creeping	7
Crystal Dew-Drop	82

D

Dear Love	84
Dear Mother	3
Do and Don't!	18
Dolly-Bye	87
Donald's Echo	36
Dreamland Harbor	93
Dreamy-Valley	98
Duty before Pleasure!	46

E

Early Morning	33
-------------------------	----

F

Fairy Fancies	51
Fairy-Flowers	96
Fairy Fountain	91
Fairy Frolics	104
Fashion	15
Fidelity	52
First Birthday	7
First Christmas	7
First Climb	16
First Laugh	6
First Outing	6
First Shoes	7
First Step	7
First Tooth	6
Flower-Friends	21
Frisky Squirrel	65
From the Author	108
Funny Little Eskimo	32

G

	PAGE
Gifts	5
Glowing Embers	97
Going to Sleep!	85
Golden Fire-Fly	92
Grateful Be	20

H

Hay-Stack Railway	48
-----------------------------	----

I

In the Far-Away	23
I Wish to Know!	29
I Wonder!	44

J

Joy-Land	23
--------------------	----

L

Little Fishes	63
Little Miss Weather	38
Lullaby-Baby-Bye	94

M

Mary-Belle	28
Maybe!	33
Memory Book	71
Mermaids	32
Mirage Pictures	54
Miss Mist.	53
Miss Umbrella	22
Mister Dusk-Man	87
Motor-Man Max!	36
My Aeroplane	62
My Balloon	30
My Comrade!	20
My Cradle-Ship	106

	PAGE
My Crib-Canoe	88
My Cuddley-Pillow	79
My Dolly	58
My Domain	68
My Funny Fuzzy Bears!	73
My Hobby-Horse	17
My Jolly Little Japanee!	35
My Rag-Dolly	31
My Rose	52
My Sled!	34
My Soldier-Tent	60
My Sun-Bonnet!	39
My Sunset Garden	72
My Swallow-Kite	49
My Tin Army	55

N

Name	5
Nature's House-Maid	28
Night	108
Nod-Town	78

O

Oh, Just Suppose!	74
Oh, Nancy!	17
Oh, Why!	67
Only	61
Our Hammock-Boat	59
Our Twilight Air-Ship	77

P

Phantom Playmates	30
Photograph	8
Picture-Book Travels	13
Pictures in the Sky	63
Pierrette and Pierrot!	82
Pin-Wheels	15
Playing Grandpa!	32
Prayer	8
Pretty Butterfly	28

R

	PAGE
Red-Faced Indian-Man	49
Rock-a-Bye	105

S

Sea-Shells	17
Shadow Dance	51
Short Clothes	6
Skating!	43
Sleep-a-Bye, Baby!	102
Sleep, Baby, Sleep	77
Sleepy-Eyes	83
Slumber-Sea	100
Soap Bubbles	57
Spring	70

T

The Baby-Brook of the Mountain!	50
The Bath	26
The Call of the Elves	98
The Choo-Choo Car	16
The Comet-Traveler	84
The Dawn	11
The Daytime Nap!	15
The Dreamland Queen	102
The Funny Moon	94
The Horizon	35
The Impatient Farmer	19
The Lullaby Trees	86
The Lure of the Ocean	34
The Man in the Moon	83
The Moon-Boat	88
The Moon is Shy!	101
The Mountain Climber	56
The Moonlight	69
The Naughty Storm	59
The Nursery-Sea	81
The Ocean Battle	53
The Philosopher	63
The Postman	12

	PAGE
The Rain	68
The Rock-a-Bye Elves	89
The Runaway	54
The Runaway-Star	97
The Sailor	40
The Sea-Waves!	44
The Selfish Moon	66
The Sky-Nursery	79
The Snow	69
The Star-Balloons!	100
The Star Flowers	107
The Stars	89
The Sun and I!	71
The Sun's Good-Night and Good-Morning!	39
The Sunshine	69
The Sun's Voyage	12
The Talking-Doll	44
The Teasing Rain-Drops	14
The Tide	56
The Trees' Wardrobe	64
The Truant Cloud	18
The Twins!	24
The Unreal Elf!	86
The Unwelcome Guests	26
The Waterfall	41
The Whispering Wind!	90
The Wicket-Gate	66
The Wind	67
The Woods	70
Tell Me!	92
Thought-Pictures	38
Toodledy-Toots!	81
Topsy-Turvy	46
Treasure-Mine!	80
Twinkling Stars	96

U

Unity	60
-----------------	----

W

Waiting	31
Wee Mischief	40

Index

115

PAGE

Weight	5
What Do They Say?	45
When Day is Done	101
When I'm King.	50
Where is My Pretty Thimble-O?	27
Winter	57

Y

You Never Can Tell!	22
-------------------------------	----

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